

When He Found Her

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Summary: Takes place after 3x10. Slight AU. After parting from Jasper, Clarke begins traveling in the direction that she hopes will bring her to Luna. Before long she finds that she is not alone. Is this newcomer friendly? Or do they want to harm her? Rating may change.

When He Found Her

It had been three days since Clarke had left the Capitol, two since she had parted ways from Jasper. He hadn't forgiven her for what had happened on Mount Weather, or the fact that she had left everyone else to pick up the broken pieces, but they had come to an understanding. He had come to realize that it had been her way of coping with the decisions she had made. She left Jasper with a hug, that he willingly returned, and allowed him to continue on his way in order to help Raven.

She knew that leaving again was not going to help Raven, but if she had stayed to help, the people at camp would be defenseless against the Council and Ontari's hatred fuelled wrath. Jasper understood and was able to let Clarke part from him with less animosity than he had expressed in initially meeting her again. She had no idea if she was heading the right way or not, she just knew she needed to find Luna, before Ontari or anyone working with her found her.

It had been almost a day since she had been able to find anything to eat or drink. So when Clarke heard the sound of running water, it took every ounce of power possessed not to run and dive in head first. She followed the sound, moving swiftly and quietly so as not to draw attention to herself, should there be anyone surrounding the area. Once she had deemed the area safe, she approached the stream, leaned down and used her hands to take several gulps. She continued to survey the area, not feeling very comfortable being as exposed as she was.

She couldn't figure out how much time had passed before she felt herself being picked up and thrown against a tree. She gasped for air, as she felt the back of her head hit the hard bark, a solid wall of muscle holding her in place. Once the ache in her head decreased to a dull throb, she looked to see her attacker was none other than Roan.

"You stupid fucking idiot! I told you to leave the Capitol while you had the chance. Which part of that did you not understand? Or are you just so caught up in your own fucking world that you didn't care?!" The tone in his voice was one she hadn't heard from him before. It was bitter, and full of something she felt could only be described as heartache. Having him in such close proximity like he was made Clarke feel things she didn't think she would be able to feel so soon after Lexa's death.

"Roan What are you doing here?" Clarke asked with a groan. He backed away from her slightly, allowing her to catch her breath before responding.

"Ontari sent me. Do you value the life of your friend that little that you would leave him with her like that? Do you understand what she plans to do to not only you but to your people?" He questioned with what appeared to be genuine concern. Clarke couldn't help but wonder if he sincerely cared about what happened to her, and even more, part of her wish that he did. She gave him a pointed look.

"Why do you care so much?" She responded with a biting tone. He looked her over once, taking in her haggard appearance. Despite that she did not look as she normally did, he still thought she was beautiful, and couldn't help but appreciate that she was still keeping her hair blonde. He felt that the red truly did not suit her. He sighed and ran a hand through his hair.

"Clarke, I know it doesn't seem like it, but I don't want to see your head on a spike. Which is what Ontari will do to you if we don't figure out what we are going to do," he told her as he put both hands on her shoulders.

"Well that's what I was trying to do. I need to find Luna. She is the only other Nightblood left, the only one who can help with this," she explained feeling weak and agitated from the lack of food. She staggered a little at the light headedness she felt. Without warning, she lost her balance, and didn't even register the feeling of falling.

Roan surged forward, only barely catching her before she hit the ground. He slowly lowered her to sit against the tree. He looked down at her form and couldn't help but think how vulnerable she was at that particular moment.

Clarke wasn't sure what time it was when she woke, but she knew that it was dark, and there was an awful stiffness in her neck. She moved her head around in an effort to stretch the muscles in and surrounding her neck. Looking around, she spied Roan on the other side of a small fire, eating what appeared to be a fish.

"Here," he handed her a large leaf that held a couple more fish that looked as though they had been cooked on the fire. She took the leaf

gratefully, thanking him as she did so before taking a bite out of the first fish. Though she wasn't one for fish, she let out a low moan at the taste. She knew that at this point she couldn't be too picky with what she ate. He watched in mild amusement as she devoured the meal he had given her.

"Thank you, it's been a few days since I had a decent meal," she told him. He nodded his head slightly agreeing.

"You should have left when I gave you the chance. At this point you and your people will surely die. Ontari is an angry, vengeful woman. She will not rest until her bidding is done, no matter what it takes," Roan explained to her. He still felt a slight resentment towards her and the fact that even though he had given her a way to escape, she had decided to stay and almost get herself killed in the process.

He wouldn't admit it aloud, but he had come to care about Clarke. It was unclear whether she felt the same, or if it would go anywhere should she care for him, but he knew that her death was not something he wanted. In the time since meeting her, he had seen her defend herself to those who wanted her dead, he had seen her be strong in the presence of others—he had seen her shed tears for the ones she once called friends.

He could remember their time in the abandoned subway station well. How the one called Bellamy had tried to free her from him, only for Roan to nearly kill him in the process. She had cried for Roan to leave him, she had agreed to come quietly if only Roan would leave Bellamy be. He had agreed to her plea, but not before stabbing Bellamy in the leg and ordering for him not to follow. Roan could still remember the look in her eyes as she pleaded. It was the first he had thought she may actually have a heart.

End
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